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MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"And this, I suppose, is to be my home for the future," thought I, as I leaned forward to view in the twilight the old fashioned house before which the carriage drew up; and in spite of the buoyant spirits of fifteen, I shrank from that future.

To live forever with old maids, and their cats, and lap dogs, and worsted work!—it was too horrible to contemplate, and I mentally resolved to escape from such single blessedness as soon as possible.

But the door opened, and I was already in a well lighted hall, warmed at the further extremity by a huge stove which seemed to be nothing but fiery eyes as the red coals shone through the isinglass that lined the elaborately cut fancy work of which the upper part was composed. Before the servant had time to close the one door behind me, another opened, and a kind voice, in the parlor, said,

"This way, dear, do come up to the fire and get warm, it's a bitter cold night, and then we'll have tea. This is your aunt Margaret," leading me up to a fine elderly lady by the fireside, "and I'm your aunt Patty, dear, though we're not much of relatives, either, I believe."

"And I'm your cousin Harry, dear," said a mocking voice from the corner, into which I had not had time to peer.

A mellow little laugh from Aunt Patty that seemed to say that the speaker was a privileged character, and a "Harry don't, you'll frighten the poor child, from aunt Margaret, was all that I knew of cousin Harry at that time, for there was no lamp in the room, and he sat in too obscure a corner for even the dancing, mellow light of the hickory fire to illuminate.

How cozy and comfortable everything looked, after the paper flowers, and wax flowers, and dilapidated old annuals of the large, tawdry drawing-room of the boarding school. The wonderful twisted legs of the old fashioned furniture seemed to be dancing quiet little jigs, as the fire flitted on them; a lion's paw was now and then thrust forward in a kind of rough play, grasping a marvellous-looking ball, from some chair, table or escritoire. The curious, black, old cabinet, in the corner, stood grim and prim, scarcely deigning to smile as the ruddy firelight played hide and seek over its multitudinous doors and drawers, making one think of lost wills, and secret springs, locks of hair and faded flowers, and all the other romances connected with old cabinets. But the firelight lingered the cheeriest around the table in the centre of the room, with its snowy damask cloth—its old-fashioned glittering silver, led off by the platina tea urn, with its grim lions heads, blinking inoffensively at one, as they grasped the huge silver rings which served as handles, and the tiny egg-shell china cups, almost transparent in their delicate beauty.

Orphan and stranger as I was, all this domestic comfort after three years in a pinched boarding-school, opened my heart to my unknown relatives.

In the meantime my bonnet and wraps had been removed by aunt Patty's own plump hands, the bell rung and lights and tea were being brought in.

And Margaret drew her spectacles on and scrutinized me for a moment.

"You are very much like you mother, Isabel," she said at last.

"Jezebel! what a name for a woman," put in master Harry, who now came forward, his saucy face lighted up with inexpressible mischief.

Aunt Margaret wound her yarn up systematically to the last inch, stuck the long needles through the ball, and laid it upon the little work stand beside her.—Aunt Patty busied herself with the bright polished copper kettle, which was brought in over a spirit lamp, bubbling away in its merry, domestic manner; herself, it seemed to me, a kind of human kettle with her cheery fireside hum and bubble of content; then the servant placed the muffins, as brown as an oak leaf in autumn, and the strangely twisted silver toast-rack on the table, and we took our seats.

"This is poor fare, isn't it, after the sumptuous table you have been accustomed to at boarding school?" asked Harry, as he handed me a second muffin.—"You don't seem to like it."

It was too bad; for now I knew that my mischievous cousin could have enumerated every mouthful I hed eaten, and I was nearly starved yet; but I answered as composedly as possible, "I like it so well that I'm sorry to see you feeding your dog so soon, for I'm not nearly done yet," and I passed my tiny cup to aunt Patty for some more of her fragrant tea.

Aunt Margaret drew her lips over her teeth, which I afterward discovered was about as near as her dignity would permit her to come to a smile, while aunt Patty laughed gleefully, saying, "So, ho, master Impudence, you have got your match, I hope," and the young gentleman dismissed the dog, which was sitting on his haunches, watching, with wagging tail and anxious eyes, every mouthful which Harry took.

When my school-girl appetite was appeased, I had time to look around; and the only modern thing in the room was a portrait which hung over the mantel.

I glanced alternately at it and at Harry Anstruther. There was the same fair, open brow, beneath the profusion of curls, which, even at the age of twenty-one, retained the golden hue, so rare save in childhood; the same laughing, hazel eye, the same well formed mouth, shaded by the down of the first moustache.

Harry at last caught the direction of my glance.

"Yes, it's I," said he, nodding gravely, "but it does not by any means do me justice."

Indeed I more than half agreed with him, coxcomb, as I thought him.

"Now, Miss Jezebel," continued he, "I must give you warning not to fall in love with me. It will be hard work for you, I know, to help it; but I cannot have any more wives on my hands. I'm engaged to six already."

"There's not much danger," I retorted, "as I'm neither a Mormon nor a Turk."

"Whew! how peppery you are. Take care or I'll take you to season the batch, was the reply "Let me see; there's Nelly Hale, she's a beauty, I tell you, as *petite* as a Fenella, a perfect bewitching little blonde, that dances into your heart without leave or license; I admire blonds,' and he looked steadier at me, my brunette complexion growing swarthier, I have no doubt, from my vexation.

"Then there's Clara Hoffman, she's two," counting them on his fingers, "and there was never a Roman empress more stately than she, and her figure is rounded like a statue's." Another glance at me, who was all angles and corners.

"And there's Alice Brant. Well, she is the very personification of grace; she never moves a hand nor turns her head except just when she should; every muscle is in its proper place."

I had such a superabundance of limbs that I never knew what to do with them.

"Then there's Anne Gray. Ah! *she'd* make a wife! Such sweet, blue eyes, that only live on your own, and such a gentle little heart, that only beats for—well, no matter who. And Elizabeth Taylor, let me see, she makes five. Well, Elizabeth is rather strong minded. She knows more about the 'ologies' and 'onomies' than any professor in college. But I think you would appreciate Jenny Warren the most. Such pies and puddings as she makes. She'd reach any man's heart through his stomach, I assure you;' and master Harry aired the evening paper before the fire, and settled himself down to its contents.

The evening passed quickly to me, in arranging my plan of studies at home, with my aunts, and tired as I was, the good ladies' early bed time arrived long before I expected it. Aunt Patty arranged the blocks of her silk patch work in her basket, and then left the parlor, Harry following her. Presently I heard her voice in the next room,

"Harry, what a troublesome fellow you are. You mix up the silver so that I shall never get it counted."

"Well, I won't, aunty," replied Harry, "but what an elfish looking think that girl is."

Aunt Margaret was protecting her geraniums from the cold air of the window, so I had the full benefit of the remarks.

"She is not very handsome now, poor child, but she is very much like her mother was at her age, and she grew to be one of the most beautiful women I ever saw," replied aunt Patty, with as much sorrow as her voice could express, coming through a throat made mellow by the most generous living.

"*She'll* never be anything but a fright, she puts me in mind of an imp, aunt Patty."

"Harry, how can you? One, two, three—don't mix the large and small forks—five, six."

"Why, she's got arms like the sails of a windmill, and hands like birds claws."

"Eleven, twelve large ones—she'll fill up and be a fine figure yet."

Yes, she will, *fill up* mighty soon, if she puts down muffins and tea with the locomotive speed she did to night."

The clinking of the silver was all the sound I heard for a moment, then master Harry commenced again,

"And such a mouth! Whew! it would take a week to kiss it from one side to the other."

"What nonsense, Harry—James' silver don't look very bright—you men seem to care for nothing but kissing; it is really underbred to talk so much about it as you do," and I fancied the little lady drawing herself up to her utmost hight,

"Now, aunt Patty, you *know* you like to be kissed. Don't be jealous because I sometimes bestow my favors on others."

"Well, sir, all that I have to say is, that Isabel Hadley has a spirit of her own, and you had better not try it on her."

"My moustache against your false front that I do it to night," was Harry's rejoinder.

"I don't wear a false front, Harry, and you know it," and good aunt Patty's voice quivered with excitement, "and if you try to kiss her, I hope she'll box your ears for you."

"Don't be revengeful now, because I made a mistake about your hair. I'm going to try it at any rate."

"Harry, you'll make the child cry with your nonsense. Don't do it. now!"

"Cry! she's not one of the crying kind, I can tell you. Here goes. I hope she will not cut me with those angles of hers, though," and the door opened and Harry entered the room, looking perfectly innocent of the intended assault.

I was stooping on the sofa, searching for my gloves, when he came and stood by me.

"Good evening, said he, extending his hand.

I put out mine. As quick as a flash of lightning his arm was around my waist. His mouth was close to mine, when suddenly he sprang back several feet, looking like anything but a conquering hero. I had dexterously concealed a pin in my mouth, and before his lips could touch mine I thrust it forward, giving him a prick which electrified him. I stooped down and picked up the glove which he had knocked out of my hand again, and then said very quietly,

"It is hardly worth your while to begin kissing me at so late an hour if it is going to take a whole week to do it.—Good night, though," and I nodded maliciously at him, as he stood lost in amazement.

Dear little aunt Patty laughed till the tears started.

"You bluffed me off that time, Miss Isabel, but beware of the next," said he, recovering himself; and he passed his hand over his mouth, and then examined to see if there were any traces of blood.

"Yes, I'll beware. But you've lost your mustach, you know, to aunt Patty," and throwing this bomb, I followed the two ladies up stairs.

"You must not mind Harry, Isabel,' said aunt Margaret, 'he is a spoiled child and as full of mischief as a kitten. He is always at his pranks with us.'

CHAPTER II.

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Harry Anstruther, and so it continued during the rest of his vacation.

The next year passed happily to me, but the winter vacation did not bring Harry as formerly. He was an orphan and the uncontrolled possessor of a large fortune, and had made up his mind as he wrote to his aunt, to see something of the world.

By-and-bye vague rumors of mad, college pranks began to circulate in our little cotiere, and the elderly ladies, who assembled at aunt Patty's tea-table, nodded their heads and looked mysterious when Harry's name was mentioned.

As I entered the parlor one day, I heard a visitor say,

'You should really write to him, Miss Anstruther, and expostulate with him about his conduct. George assures me that he is at the head of all the mischief in college, and he would have been expelled long ago if he had not been so adroit in escaping positive proof. But perhaps George, dear boy, is too severe, for his standard is so high,' and Mrs. Welsh arranged her sables with much satisfaction as she spoke.

'His standard is not too high for detraction,' said I, with no little temper, as the lady smiled herself out of the room.

Aunt Margaret made no answer, but sighed as her knittingneedles clicked and flashed with unusual rapidity. But the tears came to good aunt Patty's eyes as she said,

'I wouldn't have believed it of Harry. He was always full of fun, and may be he did just for mischief dress himself up like a robber, and stop the farmers on their way to market, and make them give up their money and things, but I *don't* believe he gambles so,' and the most troubled tears I had ever seen in aunt Patty's eyes, stood there now.

There must be some truth in it, sister, replied aunt Marguret, sternly, 'Mr. Hale has forbidden him in his house,' and she turned her back a little more to the light as she spoke.

'Poor boy, and may be he was in love with Nelly Hale,' and aunt Patty, whose warm heart extended itself to all sorts of troubles, fell into a reverie.

All further discussion of the subject was stopped by the waiter bringing in an armful of wood for the fire. As he was retiring, aunt Margaret said,

'James, I wish, while we are out driving, you would take down master Harry's portrait from over the mantel, and place it in our chamber.'

James was too much astonished to make his usual elaborate obesience, and stood staring vacantly at his mistress till she reminded him of his duty by adding, 'you may bring the carriage now.'

Aunt Patty had looked up with a frightened air to her sister, but the Misses Austruther were really heroines to their servants, so it was not until after James had closed the door that she said.

'Oh! Margaret, how can you do so; it seems so cruel for us to desert poor Harry because everybody else does.'

'I cannot have this portrait hanging there made an excuse for people like Mrs. Welsh to discuss him as they please,' was the reply.

When we returned from our drive, I could have cried too with aunt Patty, to miss the gay, pleasant face, which had looked down so saucily on me so long, in the cheerful morning light, or in the gray gloaming or flickering firelight, as on the first evening of our acquaintance.

I was now nearly seventeen, and my mirror told me plainly enough that I no longer looked like the imp or elf of Harry's early acquaintance. I was an heiress and a belle; a belle most probably because I was an heiress. I had 'filled up' certainly; whether as my cousin had insinuated by tea and muffins, I can not say; but if George Welsh, who was now one of my most devoted admirers, was to be believed, Alice Brant herself would bear no comparison to me in grace.

With poor Harry, in the meanwhile, matters went from bad to worse. The gentleman, who had been his guardian, confessed to his aunts that he had spent every cent of his fortune that was available, and this was by far the greater part of it. Then again, through Mrs. Welsh, whom I now looked upon as a bird of ill omen, we heard of grave professors being carricatured to their faces, and reckless midnight orgies, and all the other evils of college life. But our cup of trouble on his account was full when we learned that he had fought a duel. We knew nothing positive about it, only that his opponent had been severely wounded, and that a woman had been the cause.

The morning after we had heard of this I was called into the sisters' chamber.—Aunt Margaret had pushed a little table, on which she was standing, up to the mantel, and was endeavoring to detach Harry's portrait from the hook on which it hung. She said,

'Isabel, my dear, won't you please to help me down with this? Sister has refused, and I cannot expose ourselves to the remarks of the servants, by having them do it.'

'Poor boy, I cannot,' said aunt Patty, as she rummaged in her drawers to hide the falling tears.

Aunt Margaret looked around sternly as she answererd,

'Sister, it is due to ourselves to forget him.'

I assisted her silently, and helped carry my cousin Harry's portrait to the lumber room.

CHAPTER III.

It was nearly three years after my first introduction to my cousin. The snow had been falling softly and silently all day, and as night came on we drew the curtains in the little parlor, and prepared to pass a cozy evening together. The tea-table was already arranged, and aunt Patty had the silver 'caddy' in her hand, measuring out with scrupulous exactness the silver shell full of tea, which constituted her "drawing,' when the bell rung violently.

'What a dreadful stormy night for any one to be out,' said aunt Patty, as she peered into the tea urn, where she had just thrown the bohea. A stamping in the hall, as if some person was knocking the snow from heavy boots, aroused all our attentions; and before we had time to speak, the parlor door opened, and Harry Anstruther entered. There was the same open, boyish smile as of old on his face. Aunt Patty dropped the lid of the tea-urn, and sprang forward to meet him with a cry of glad suprise. Aunt Margaret, also, on the impulse of the moment, had risen with unusual activity; but before her sister's greeting was over, she had resumed her chair, and awaited her nephew's salutation with frigid dignity.

His aunt's manner very perceptibly affected him. His greeting was constrained, and I, who had been standing aside, now noticed that his face had a careworn appearance, not natural to it.

Presently his eye rested on me. I enjoyed the look of astonishment with which he regarded me, and I said with a low curtsey, and in a tone which mimicked the one he had greeted me with three years before,

'I'm your cousin Isabel, dear.'

'Goodness gracious! is it possible?—Why your not such a dreadful *fright* after all,' and his old manner returned as he spoke.

"No, I'm 'filled up;' tea and muffins, you know," I replied, nodding my head.

We took our seats at the table, and Harry's quick glance soon detected the vacant space over the mantel. A grave look stole over his face, then he said with an attempt at gayety,

"No longer worthy, eh, aunt Patty?" But he sighed as he pointed to where the portrait had hung.

Aunt Patty was very much embarrassed as she replied,

"We had it carried up to our chamber, Harry——'

'And from there to the lumber room,' interposed aunt Margaret, sternly.

The look, which overshawed the handsome face of my cousin, made my heart ache for him; and I retired to my own room as soon as tea was over, that I might be no restraint upon him and his aunt.

The next day aunt Patty told me there was something about Harry she could not find out: only that he had acknowledged he had lost nearly all his money; that he was going to Europe for awhile; but that she believed he was still engaged to Nelly Hale.

My cousin was not the same till spring. In the meantime we were constantly together, and I began to wonder about Nelly Hale. But he never metioned her name.

Aunt Margaret's manner toward her nephew softened in spite of herself, and had it not been for shame, I verily believe that the portrait would have been restored to its original place.

The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room—we were alone together in the parlor. I was crocheing a purse for my cousin, talking busily the while of his anticipated tour.

"How I envy you, Harry; I wish I was going too," I said enthusiastically.

'Will you go, dea. Bell?' he cried suddenly. 'Could you love such a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp as I am?'

Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the duel, all crowded upon my mind. I rose indignantly.

'What do you mean, sir, by offering me the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and fortune? Me?' And I confronted him as I spoke.

Alas! had I been more indifferent, probably I should not have been so angry.

I think he was paler, though his laugh was light, as he asked in his old, mocking way.

'Mercy, Bell! What would you have said if I had been in earnest?'

I was so astonished, that for a moment my heart seemed to cease beating; but I quickly answered.

'*Then* I should have informed your aunts, who would have speedily rid me of the annoyance,' and I picked up the purse and went on with my crocheing.

I knew not what demon prompted that ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain my tears. He arose, walked up and down the room once or twice, as if conquering some emotion, said,

'Forgive me, Isabel, You were justly angry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob me of my aunts' love. It is all I have left now.'

My tears were gathering fast. I dared not trust my voice to answer. I would not look up lest I should betray myself.—In a short time Harry left the room.

That evening, at tea-table, he told us that he should leave early the next morning, as he had some business to settle in New York before he sailed. His aunts expressed their astonishment, scanned his face narrowly, and no doubt wondered what new scrape Harry had got in; but I swallowed my tea with a gulp that nearly choked me. I sat up half the night to finish the purse. I had foolishly wrought blue forget-me-not on the crimson ground. When I handed it to him the next morning, I tried hard to steady voice and lip, as I said with averted eyes,

'Do not think too unkindly of me, cousin Harry.'

Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred by the tears which she would not let fall, when she bid Harry good b'ye, but poor aunt Patty cried as if it was the one great sorrow of her life-time. As for myself, my eyes burned, but there were no tears, even the sympathy, in them now; but my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and the hand, which he took at parting, must have sent an icy chill through his veins. I saw the carriage drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears and moans which escaped me, told me plainly how indifferent I was to Harry Anstruther.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

The 'Knickerbocker' tells the following good yarn in its editor's table:

"One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking through into the cornfield, search was instuted in vain for a hole in the rail fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself in a fence corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the inclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now, old lady!" Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day the animal was observed to enter her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again.

"Her astonishmment," says our correspondent, "at finding herself in the same field whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and then that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to her original starting place; and after a deliberate survey of the matter, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attetively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run, nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field! She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot."

Marshall county, Mississippi, was, one day last week, the scene of a brutal murder. A Mr. Mark, with some relations, called at the house of Mr. Smith; and, after a few moments conversation, Mark shot young Smith with a revolver. Miss S., a sitser of the young man, being near made some remarks to Mark who immediately fired upon her, killing her instantly. This happened a few miles from Holly Springs. It is believed that the wounds of young Smith are not fatal.—We learn from the Empire Democrat that parties are in pursuit of the murderers.

'Nobody but a Printer'.

Such was the sneering remark of a person residing not a thousand miles from the door of our sanctum, in refering to the profession we follow in pride. Nobody but a printer,' in sooth? It makes our blood run rampant through our veins, to hear such expressions from the lips of those nursed on republican soil, 'Nobody but a printer, anyhow!' Who was Benjamin Franklin? 'Nobody but a printer!' Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? 'Nobody but a printer!' Who was Earl Stanhope? 'Nobody but a printer!' Who was Governor Armstrong, of Massachusetts? 'Nobody but a printer!' Who was Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, and Governor Bigler, of Calefornia? 'Nobody but printers!' George P Morris, N. P. Willis, Joseph Gales, Charles Richardson, James Harper, Horace Greely, Bayard Taylor, Robert Sears, and Senators Dix, Cameron and Niles—who are they? 'Nobody but printers, anyhow?' One thing is evident; every person that chooses can't be a printer. Brains are necessary.

A Twelve Pound Chunk.

We clip the following from the Kansas Herald, edited by Capt. E. L. Easton:

A returned Californian relates the following good one: The landlord of a hotel, built of boards, and located near the Tekult diggins, was presented by his wife with a fine twelve pound boy, which coming to the ears of a wag, he circulated the story that the host had found a twelve pound chunk, which ran like wild-fire through the place, and quite an excitement was created. A few weeks afterwards, a miner from another quarter, having heard of the twelve pound chunk, arrived at the hotel, and at once made application to the landlady for lodging. Her husband being absent, she attended to the guest, when the following conversation ensued, which should be prefaced by the remark that the story had exploded several days before his arrival, and the landlady had enjoyed the sell with the rest:

'It was your husband, ma'am, wasn't it, who got the twelve pound chunk?'

'He had some help, I believe,' replied she, with a sly laugh.

'Yes, I s'pose so. Where was he digging?'

'Oh, that's a secret.'

'Yes, I spose it is. He thinks he'll get another there, doesn't he?'

'I don't know what he thinks, but I know he won't.'

'I shouldn't think it probable, although it is possible.'

So they say.'

The miner here paused a while, at last, after a moment's reflection, he said:

I spose the chunk's gone aint it?

'Not exactly,' replied the lady, throwing open the door, 'for there it is in the cradle.'

The miner bent over, when a pair of chubby fists were extended, and giving the joyful landlady one look, he left for parts unknown.

Nullification in Massachusetts.

The so-called "act to protect the rights and liberties of the people of Massachusettes," which has been reported to the Senate of that State, is of the rankest nullification character. It provides that every alleged fugitive from service shall be entitled to the benifit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, which may be issued by the Supreme Court, Court of Common Pleas, any Justices' or Police Court of any city or town; by any Court of Record, Judge of Probate, or by any Justice of the Peace even; provided such magistrates are known to be within five miles of the place where the party is imprisoned. No person holding any State office is allowed to issue any warrant or grant any certificate under the Fugitive Slave Law, under penalty of forfeiting his office and being *forever ineligible to any office of trust or emolument under the laws of the Commonwealth*. Sheriffs, constables, police officers and the volunteer militia are forbidden to act in any way in carrying out the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, under penalty of a fine of not less than $1,000, nor more than $2,000 and imprisonment in the State Prison for a term of from one to two years. Any person who shall act as council or attorney for any claimant of an alleged fugitive shall be deemed to have resigned any commission he may hold from the State, and shall thereafter *be incapacitated from appearing as council or attorney in any of the courts of the State*. No Sate jail is to be used as a place for the detention of an alleged fugitive.

This disgraceful specimen of abolition fanatism was passed to a third reading on Thursday.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to plant Cucumbers, Melons &c

As the cost of seed is trifling, we have for the past few years always succeeded in getting good vines by the following process. Instead of planting a few seeds in hills at the distance they would ultimately be required to grow, we have put in a large quantity over the whole ground; so that at first we had a hundred plants where only one was needed. Sometimes we have had a plant come up on every two inches over the whole bed.

As fast as the expanding leavs of the vines interfere with each other we cut off the *weaker* ones with a pair of sheers, so as not to disturb the roots of those remaining. The bugs have materially assisted in the thinning process, but we have never failed to find twice or thrice the needed number of plants removed or left here and there and a solitary vine has been enough to cover the ground.

The same ground will yield much better by having the vines at equal distances from each other, than if two or three were left together in the same hill, since the roots more room to grow, and they find a greater amount of nourishment when thus isolated. The fruit will also be more solid and of better quality.

It should also be remembered that air and light are essential to the growth and maturity of the fruit; and it is better to occasionally cut out a thrifty plant than that the ground be too densely covered.—Just vines enough to thinly cover the ground, will produce better than double this number.—*American Agriculturist.*

Plant Your Corn Early.—For many years past we have carefully noted corn, and our observations have fairly convinced us that in nine cases out of ten, the former has a decided preference—but for what reason we may not be able clearly to explain. We incline to the opinion, however, that it is something like this: Early planted corn has a chance to strike its roots deep into the soil, and is thus enabled to withstand a drouth or lack of moisture, which usually begins near the same time in the season of each year.—Or it may be that the crop having a longer time to mature in, is able to take advantage of everything in its favor. But whatever may be the cause, we have no hesitation in recommending that corn be planted in this latitude as soon as the ground is warm enough to sprout it.

It might be remarked that should the season be uniformly favorable, little or no difference might be perceived. Or should a severe drouth occur just at the earing time of an early planted field: the yield might be less than of one planted later, but such cases are not common, and it is easily seen that in the former case there is nothing lost, and in the latter a drouth is about as likely to occur when a late planted field is in earing, as at the earing time of one earlier.

From our boyhood days we have noticed that those farmers who are looked to as the best and most prosperous, planted their corn early, sometimes finishing in April. Of course nobody raised better corn. Late frosts seldom or never kill early corn; if they cut it down, it comes again, the root is not killed. Corn should be planted by the middle of May, and we would prefer that it be done sooner than later, if the spring is not backward.—*Ind. Farmer.*

Rules for Self Government.—*By a Prudent Old Gentleman.*—Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think, if you were taken ill in the middle of the night!

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Write not one more letter than you can help. The man who keeps a large correspondence is a martyr tied, not to the stake, but to the *post*.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once a day, examining minutely whether you are 'fast' or 'slow.'

[Punch.

Unexpected Payment.—We understand that one of our old and repected citizens, a retired merchant, recieved a few days ago, in a letter from Boston, without signature and with nothing to show its source, a thousand dollar note of the Globe Bank at Boston, with the remark that the sender owed the money, and took that oppertunity of returning it to the person to whom it belonged.

Alexandria Gazette.

The Potato Disease.—Mr. W. Fugate, of Kinderhook, Ind., claims the reward of $10,000 offered by the Massachusetts Legislature for a discovery of a preventive of the "potato rot" He says the cause is a bug, and the prevention consists in cutting off the vines before they shed their blows, about three or four inches above the ground, removing all the leaves.

It is reported in literary circles in Boston that the very spirited parody on Tenyson's Battle Ode, which was originally published in the Boston Transcript under the title of "The Bright Brigade," was written by a daughter of Hon. Edward Everett. The Home Journal pronounced it "the most successful parody yet attempted."

At Fort des Moines, Iowa, there is a dreadful scarcity of women. In one house were found nineteen bachelors and only 1 married couple. The editor entreats the ladies to come out there.

One young man in the vicinity of Boston, shot himself last week, because he could not get a wife; and another because he could not get a divorce.

Some crusty, fusty, dusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man, gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—May they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

Poverty must be a woman—it is so fond of pinching a person.

The editor of the Detroit Times says he heard, a day or two since, the following illustration of early piety:—"Pray God to bless father and mother, and Anna and—by jinks I must scramble quick to get into bed before Mary does."